drinke, to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come and be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee:

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads-hill. Good-morrow *Carriers*, What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lantherne, to ſee my Gelding in the Stable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God ſoft; I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when, canſt tell? Lend me thy Lanterne (quoth he) Marry Ile ſee thee hanged firſt.

Gad. Sirra *Carrier*, What time do you meane to come to *London*.

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbor *Muges*, weele call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. *Exeunt.*

Gad. What ho, *Chamberlaine*.

Cham. At hand quoth Picke-purſe.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand qd. the *Chamber-lain*, for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, then giuing direction doth from labouring: thou layeſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow Maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currãt that I told you yeſter night, there's a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*, hath broght three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for Egges & Butter: they will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarkes*, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I prethee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhipeſt Saint *Nicholas*, as truely as a man of falſhood may.

Gad. What talkeſt thou to me of the Hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old ſir *John* hãgs with me, & thou knowes he is no ſtarueling: tut, there are other

ther Troians that thou dream
ſake are content to do the pro
(if matters ſhould be lookt int
whole: I am ioyned with no f
ſixpenny ſtrikers, none of the
malt-worms, but with nobilit
and great Oneyers, ſuch as ca
ner then ſpeak, & ſpeake ſoon
then pray; and yet (Zounds) I
their ſaint the common-wealt
prey on her, for they ride vp
their bootes.

Cham. What the Comm
hold out Water in foule way

Gad. She will, ſhe will, I uſti
in a Caſtle, cockeſure; wee h
walke inuiſible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I
to the night then to Ferneſee

Gad. Giue me thy hand, th
chaſe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me

Gad. Go to, *home* is a cõmo
bring my Gelding out of the

Enter Prince, Poyn

Poines. Come ſhelter, ſhe
Horſe; and he frets like a gu

Prince. Stand cloſe.

Falſ. Poines, Poines, and b

Prince. Peace ye fat kidne
thou keepe?

Falſ. What *Poines, Hal*?

Prince. He is walkt vp to t

Falſ. I am accurſt to rob in
hath remoued my horſe, an
I trauel but 4. foot by the ſc
my wind: Well, I doubt
this, if I ſcape hanging for k
his company hourely any

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